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THE AMERICAN McALL RECORD

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OLD WOMEN'S MEETING

THE AMERICAN McALL RECORD

AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION

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Please examine the wrapper of your magazine ; if you find this mark **X** upon it your subscription for next year is now due.

Dr. and Mrs. Parkhurst sailed for home on November 17th, and were expected to land on the 25th or 26th. Dr. Parkhurst is very much improved in health. They spent several weeks in Paris before sailing, and Mrs. Parkhurst saw much of the Mission, visiting many stations more than once, and being in frequent conference with the officers of the Mission. In a private letter she expresses herself as more impressed than ever with the value and the efficiency of the work.

Mme Le Gay, who has been closely connected with the Mission since its very earliest days, is now in this country, where she will pass several months. We advise those of our auxiliaries who desire to be stirred up to greater effort than ever before, to invite Mme Le Gay to speak at one of their meetings. She is a fascinating speaker, knows the whole work thoroughly, having been on the Ladies' Committee since it was formed, and being at the head of much of the work among women and young girls.

We call special attention to the very touching picture on our cover. It is of the members of a group of *Dames Agées* (aged women), who meet once a week in one of our halls. This weekly meeting, as many of them have repeatedly said, is the joy and comfort of their lives. To many of them—bitterly poor, with no comfort nor blessing in their homes—it is the only comfort they have, and they look forward with intense interest to the day of the week on which it occurs.

Those managers who desire to interest ministers in the work of the McAll Mission, will find it most helpful to give them the addresses which were made at the Annual Meeting by Dr. Paden, Dr. John Balcom Shaw and Dr. Parkhurst. They have been republished in pamphlet form, and will prove most illuminatory to those who read them. Especially is Dr. J. Balcom Shaw's address valuable as showing the place of the McAll Mission on the schedule of the Church's benevolences.

To many readers of the RECORD, Mlle Rosa Arbousset was a well-known person, active as she has been for many years among the women and children of the Mission. Now her voice is silenced by death ; and the work will greatly miss her. A tribute to her memory appears on another page.

A GENERAL SURVEY.

[From Mr. Greig's Annual Report.]

If one wished to give in a few words the impression produced by the work of the mission in general during the past year, no better formula could be found than that contained in the report of one of our agents: "The progress of the work has been normal. There has been practically no extension of it, but we have clear proof that it has gained in depth, and many precious evidences of spiritual life have been vouchsafed us." All our workers, I think, would use the same language, for if the local reports furnish few striking incidents, they all testify to the blessing that attends these simple Gospel meetings, whose influence often extends into localities which we never visit. During the annual fair at Nice, our agent and his children made a distribution of tracts among the booths, and got into conversation with some of these nomads. "Oh, I know all about it," said one of them; "I've been to the halls in Paris where they give you those little books. What do you call them again? Laca! Maca! . . . Oh, you know. Anyhow, it's where they talk to you about the Gospel." He had a Testament in his van, and who can tell when some word in it may touch his heart.

If we cannot say that all who come to our meetings yield themselves to Christ, yet they certainly get something which they would not willingly lose. An old woman of ninety, visited by our agent at Limoges, declared that the meetings were what she missed most, and that if her health were restored her first outing would be to go to the hall. And she kept her word. And the children are no less faithful. A Paris Sunday-school teacher learned, on visiting an absent scholar, that the child, though seriously ill, had got up three times on Sunday, hoping to be able to get to school, but had been forced to lie down again. "The school," said the mother, "is her greatest joy."

As all our friends know, the state of our finances forbade any extension of the work. The two Paris halls of the Place des Ternes and the Rue des Dames were replaced in November by a new room situated at the corner of the Rue Championnet and the Avenue de St. Ouen. The district is a poor one, only recently built over, and not yet laid hold of by any church agency. During the winter the evening meetings were not large, a notable proportion of the audience consisting of former habitués of the Rue des Dames, but the mothers' meeting and the Thursday school attracted the neighbors, and the dispensary gradually became more appreciated.

One of the towns from which the Committee resolved last year to withdraw was Toulouse, but the younger pastor of the city, unwilling to give up the work altogether, asked leave to continue the meetings at his own charge in the

hall, whose lease had still some months to run. Of course, his request was granted, and the success he met with was such that towards the end of summer he entered into correspondence with the Committee with a view to obtaining a permanent hall. A careful consideration of the matter showed that there was a certain sum of money, which had formerly been collected in Toulouse and neighborhood by one of our agents, now removed elsewhere, which had not been counted among our probable receipts, because there seemed no prospect of getting it in. The Toulouse brethren having agreed to find means of looking up as many of these old subscribers as were within their reach, the grant was agreed to, and Toulouse appears once more on our list of stations. Pastor Lengereau writes that though the attendance has not been as large as he hoped, it has been more than sufficient to warrant the continuance of the work, but that sickness in his family and consequent want of leisure have prevented his pushing it on as vigorously as he had intended.

Another small addition to the number of our halls has been made at Limoges, where M. Boyer had long wished to supplement what was done in the centre of the town by some more aggressive work in the faubourgs. The necessary funds having been secured, a room was taken across the Vienne, in the Clos Ste. Marie, and duly opened in January. Some account of the opening meeting has already appeared in the *Quarterly*, for the problem of how to seat eighty human beings on forty-five chairs—all that can be got into the room—admits of more than one solution, and some of these may give rise to amusing incidents. The interest awakened in the *quartier* is so general and so persistent that our friends feel extremely encouraged, and are already looking out for a larger room.

Marseilles was one of the cities that suffered most from the retrenchments. And yet, here, too, a new salle has been opened. A part of the town known as Le Rouet had attracted the attention of M. Lenoir, and some special gifts enabled him to take there a small room, in which he carries on more particularly a Gospel temperance work. Meetings for women and children are also held regularly, but the men come out little, except to the temperance. At Nice, though no new hall has been added, the Soldiers' Reading-Room has changed its address, and with good results. And at Nantes we have moved a door farther on since June of last year, and the new hall, though much larger than the old, is rarely empty. No inviting is done at the door; the "habitués" bring their neighbors and relations, rendering thereby the very best testimony to the value of the meetings. We have the privilege at Nantes of being helped not only by the pastors, but also by the leading banker of the town, a wealthy man and a most earnest Christian, who facilitates the work in every way.

In connection with the opening of new halls, mention should be made of

the six weeks' "mission" in the Avenue d'Italie, Paris, and of its successor in the neighboring commune of Kremlin-Bicêtre. Though the former strictly belongs to the year we have now under review, and the latter to next year's Report, yet the Avenue d'Italie seems already ancient history, and one is tempted to dilate at length on the results of what was begun this Easter. There can be no question that in both cases the success we met with was due to the care with which the programme of meetings was drawn up. There was something in it all which reminded old workers of the early days of the Mission. We were less afraid then to speak of the present-life advantages of the Gospel, and *réunions morales* was printed boldly on many of our handbills. Then everything was rough and ready, just as in those days; no *becs auer*, no pipe-organ; whitewashed walls, and texts pasted up on red cloth. Certainly, the mixture of historical lectures, Gospel addresses, temperance talks and lantern exhibitions attracted the neighbors, and during all the six weeks of the Avenue d'Italie the room was rarely other than full. Of permanent results little has come to light, but it is not for us to attempt to gauge them. It should be mentioned that the expense of both series of meetings was met by a special gift from a French gentleman, who knows the work thoroughly, and is particularly interested in any forward movement.

Some progress has been made also in the direction of detaching from the Mission parts of our work that can now dispense with our care. At Marseilles, the Committee, whose formation was announced in last Report, has taken over the Soldiers' Reading-Room with all its burdens, the Mission making over the furniture and fittings of all kinds, and the superintendent whom it had trained up. In Paris, the hall of the Rue Augereau has been made over entirely to the neighboring church of Pentemont, which has from the beginning watched over it with solicitude. Another of our Mission churches, that of Bercy, has been gratified with the presence of a colleague pastor, who devotes nearly his whole time to the development of the work, and, by his mere presence, draws closer the ties which unite it to the mother church.

In the old-established halls of the Mission there has been a pretty general and on the whole successful attempt to bring in new hearers by means of more attractive and more varied programmes. Series of lectures on subjects lending themselves to a religious treatment have been quite successful when they were well advertised in the neighborhood. Magic lantern slides also are very popular, and can be turned to good use by a wise evangelist. Music, too, is a great help, whether it be an amateur orchestra to strengthen the organ, or a few hymns sung as solos, or even an entire programme of good music alternating with Gospel addresses. Special meetings for the study of the Bible and Christian doctrine—*catéchismes*, as the French call them—have done good

service where there was a body of hearers ready to be carried further. There are also a great many more meetings for special classes or sections of society than used to be, and they seem to be liked. "It is our meeting to-day," a woman will say, or a young girl, or a blind man, or a member of a Band of Hope, and the sort of proprietary right they seem to feel in it increases their interest wonderfully. If it were not for the Christian Endeavorers we should find it hard to meet all the demands of this kind that come upon us, but the young people of the halls work nobly when they are well set on. Some of these bands of young converts are worthy of all praise. Thus the report of a Young Men's Christian Association in the suburbs of Paris mentions that, besides the regular weekly meeting, the members encounter each other twice a week, sometimes in one house, sometimes in another, in order to prepare the subjects to be discussed in the hall, and to pray. If they do not understand the passage to be commented on, they make a note of the difficulty, and on the evening of the general gathering ask the president to explain it.

The temperance cause gains more and more ground among us. At first there was only the "Croix Bleue," or total abstinence, which some of our workers did not care to further; but since Dr. Legrain has started his Anti-Alcoholic League all our forces can unite to fight the much-feared enemy. In a good many halls the children have been formed into what are called "Sections Cadettes," and have done good work, not only in standing firm themselves, but by bringing their parents under the influence of the society to which they are so proud to belong.

The Boat has lately been on the Yonne, and, as will be seen from the article by Dr. Benham, the work has been very encouraging.

In the daily Paris newspaper, *Le Rappel*, of the 8th September, there is a leading article by the well-known writer and critic, M. Francisque Sarcey, entitled "Conférences et Missions." It is no less than an account by the eminent writer of a visit paid the Sunday before to our Mission boat! He says that, staying with a cousin at his place on the Yonne, he was invited by him to visit a curious craft anchored not far off on the river bank. M. Sarcey was not able to be present at a meeting, but he arrived in time to see the children's service ending and the company of young people leaving the Bateau after the meeting. Then follows a long conversation with the "pasteur" on board, which seemed to interest and please M. Sarcey. The tone of the article is by no means unfriendly to the Mission, and he ends by saying: "I returned from the visit wondering deeply. Are we doing all we can to put ourselves in communication with the poor and humble, to tell them what we know, and to seek to really teach them?"

SOME DETAILS OF THE HALLS.

[Condensed from the Annual Report.]

In the Rue Augereau Hall (Paris), which has become a branch of the Pentemont Church, forty-five Roman Catholics and Freethinkers have been received at the Lord's table in the past five years.

At Boulevard Barbès, in addition to the regular religious instructions of the Thursday schools, there are classes for sewing, music and drawing. A Christian Endeavor Society has been founded in the Mothers' Meeting and is doing much good.

At Bercy, Pastor Henri Monnier has taken the place of M. Sequestra, who has been removed by death. Mr. Greig is still the pastor of the Bercy Church, but needed relief from the pressing daily duties of the hall. Pastor Henri Monnier has shown untiring zeal in the discharge of his various duties. He has put new life into the young men's meeting; the communicants' classes have been carefully organized, and several new faces are to be seen at public worship. The Christian Endeavor Society has continued to justify its name, each member employing his or her talent for the good of all. Instrumental music, singing, schools, visits to the sick, distribution of tracts, letters to absent members, and various other forms of activity prove that they are faithful to their pledge.

The hall in the Rue Championnet was only opened in November, 1896. A few Protestants from Montmartre have joined us, but the rest of the audience, varying from forty to eighty, is drawn from the immediate neighborhood. The dispensary is appreciated more and more.

From Grenelle we hear that there has been "an increase in the attendance at all the meetings. At the dispensary we have had to lay down the rule that not more than 100 patients can be received. When there was a special conference given, as many as 360 crowded into the hall. Several cases of conversion have caused us deep joy and added to the numbers at our Sunday service. We have now sixty-three members on our church books; last year eighteen were admitted, making a total of sixty-seven since the foundation of the church. The following is an extract from the report presented by Pastor Léopold Monod to the Free Church Synod: 'I must say a few words about the Grenelle Church, now recognized as one belonging to our Union, but at the same time closely connected with the McAll Mission, to which she owes her existence. This does not prevent her being a properly constituted church. Being the offspring of evangelistic efforts, she now in her turn evangelizes, and has founded a hall at Javel. Her chief desire is to group round the church all the different efforts of which the hall is the centre, such as the Young Men's Christian Association, the Temperance Society, etc. You

have only to go into the hall of the Rue de l'Avre, and take part in the meetings which are held there, to be convinced that you are in the very midst of real work accomplished with joy and happiness.'"

At Javal the meetings keep up in spite of violent opposition on the part of the priests and atheists. Although the attendance is not large, either of adults or of children, yet it is always something to have kept up a meeting, however small.

The principal feature of the work at Ménilmontant is the very efficient Bible instruction, both for adults and children, given by the pastors of the Church of Bon-Séjour, who are greatly aided in their visits in the district by the president of the Young Women's Christian Association.

"The work at the Rue Monge," writes Pastor Couve, "has gone on without any striking incident, except that the attendance at the Sunday and Thursday schools has been larger than in previous years, and the children have been more regular." The majority of the children in the Thursday and Sunday schools are Protestants, but we get, however, a certain number of Catholics from the streets in the neighborhood of the hall.

"At the Rue Mouton-Duvernet we hold a weekly meeting in Madame Dalencourt's house, so that the work accomplished here is indistinguishable from the general results of her mission. Two cases of conversion, however, have been pointed out in which the first impressions were evidently received at our Friday meeting.

"If the attendance at the ordinary meetings of the Rue Nationale have been less than last year, the cause is the concentration of our efforts in special directions. Meetings have been organized for the blind, for elderly women, for men only, etc., which seem to please the public, and have enabled M. Merle d'Aubigné and his helpers to get nearer and know more intimately those they wish to evangelize. This year I was persuaded that our duty was to make a similar attempt outside the Ivry gate, in the village of Gentilly-Bicêtre. I had already begun to take steps in view of so doing, when a person quite unknown to me came and asked if I could not start a temperance meeting at Bicêtre. We hesitated no longer, and, thanks to the zeal of our friend, our meeting was opened without any difficulty. M. B., gardener and local fireman, was formerly Catholic; he does not hide his convictions, and has had to suffer at the hands of the curé, who has deprived him of some of his work because he has left the church. He it was who found the hall, helped to get it ready, put up the bills, distributed invitations, and now does regularly the work of doorkeeper and caretaker. Our hall is an old coach-house, which has sittings for 140 persons. At the first two meetings we were almost frozen, but that does not seem to have done the meetings any harm, seeing that they are

attended by 100 to 160 persons. Last Saturday ten pledges were signed after M. Bonzon's conference on 'Criminals, Suicides and Drunkards.' "

Salle Rivoli has a Sunday-school of seventy children, another of eighty adults, a mothers' meeting of two hundred, a Young Women's Christian Association of twenty-three, and a Young Men's Christian Association whose Bible study is attended by forty or fifty men of all ages. As in previous years, several of our people have joined one or other of the Protestant churches in the neighborhood, while still continuing to come to the hall where they were born again. The help given by Madame Pleysier in this hall must not pass unnoticed. This friend, of Dutch origin, has been interesting herself in work among women for several years past, and it is largely owing to her great sense of order that that section of the work in the hall is so prosperous. In spite of her great age she rarely missed her meeting, and won the esteem of all who knew her. The death of one of her sons was the cause of her sudden departure from Paris, which thus brought to a close many years of disinterested activity in her beloved Salle Rivoli.

At the Rue Royale the earnest efforts made to increase the attendance of the week-day meetings have been, on the whole, successful. The Wednesday lectures and the religious music on Thursdays attracted a tolerable audience, but we have not yet solved the problem. As a rallying point its use is indubitable.

At the Faubourg Saint-Antoine the only new thing we can mention is the formation, quite at the end of the year, of a temperance society, in two sections—one for adults and another for children. The mothers' meeting is a source of great joy to those who work there, and the Bible lesson often gives an opportunity for clearing up difficulties. An old governess seventy-five years of age borrowed a large print Bible because she could not wait until she had got the necessary hundred *bons-points* with which to buy one, so as to be able to read over again for herself the passage which had been studied at the meeting. She had never supposed that it was wrong to tell a lie, and she made up her mind never to tell another. But, alas! the life-long habit was too much for her, and the following Tuesday she came to her friend to tell how she had succumbed, and asked, sadly, "Will the Lord Jesus abandon me when I tell a lie?" "No," was the answer, "but you grieve Him. When a mother sees a child doing something wrong, does she go away and leave her little one alone?" "Oh, no!" exclaimed a mother, who was sitting at a little distance, "a mother would never leave him, but her heart would ache." "And when the child is sorry," added the teacher, "and asks his mother to forgive him, will she refuse her pardon?" It was a revelation to the poor soul, who until now had known no relief to her conscience except the absolution of the confes-

sional, which had never really lifted any burden from her heart. "Is it really true! Can I ask forgiveness and be at peace! I sin so often, the temptation is so strong, and I feared that Jesus would tire of hearing me ask so often for the same thing. Oh, I am so thankful!" She is so resolved to get the better of the habit which causes her Lord such grief, that if any mention is made during the lesson of a lie or liars, she writes it down on her note-book so as to be able to read it again at home.

At La Villette a junior Young Men's Christian Association was founded in the month of May for the older boys of the Thursday school. There are ten members, and about the same number who come occasionally; a committee exists, composed of three boy members, with the director to look after things, and see that all goes on well. The meetings are both literary and religious, and our young people take a great interest in them. The Director writes that often at the close of these meetings, several boys offer prayer; sometimes it is a Catholic supplication to the Virgin or some patron saint, but the form is unobjectionable; as long as the spirit of prayer is there, light and knowledge are sure to come. One of the encouragements of the past year was the conversion of a foreigner who came to the hall for the sake of hearing French spoken. One evening a question addressed to those present took hold of him, and awakened his conscience. The night passed without sleep, for he was unable to rest until he had found peace; the question must be answered, and soon; by the grace of God, he received pardon, and has since given proofs that his conversion is real. He has continued to come regularly ever since, and more than once has placed at our disposal his musical talents for some of our entertainments.

The hall on the Boulevard Voltaire still continues to feed Pastor Migot's church. "Ten of our regular comers," he writes, "were received at the Lord's Table at Easter and Christmas. Before they are allowed to come up I require them to be on probation, so to speak, for two years. As far as possible, therefore, I have thus the necessary guarantee, for during these two years I can follow them and assure myself that their convictions are real. Four girls and two boys have joined our Unions. Our Sunday-school has been increased by twelve children, who come regularly to Sunday-school and church."

In the suburbs at Alfortville an ordinary evening meeting has been added to those for children and mothers, and the result is, on the whole, encouraging.

At Creil the firm of Saxby have always freely placed the men's dining-hall at our disposal for the meetings.

From Lagny Pastor Guibal sends good tidings, especially of his school. "Thanks to the help of several ladies from Lagny, we are now able to have classes. Several of the scholars have been taken away, owing to priestly influence, but next year we shall have them all back (after confirmation)."

The Montreuil-sous-bois hall is the shelter for quite a series of good works ; in the report ten distinct organizations are mentioned. The most interesting one is that of the Christian Endeavorers, which has to do specially with the young people of the hall. The members of this Society are the teachers in the Sunday-school. Lately they banded themselves together for the temperance cause, and have been able to get the elder boys and girls of the school to join them. This is a bond between the teachers and parents of the children, for several of our scholars have succeeded in getting their parents to take the pledge, which they themselves have kept, and for which they have had to suffer. It has been a means of keeping in touch with our big boys, and enabling the members when they became apprentices to stand firm to their promise.

At Nanterre the adult and children's meetings are carried on by the pastor of the district, an agent of the Société Centrale. In this meeting he works partly among workmen, partly among peasants, and has seen his labors crowned with success. Two children from the Mission school were received at the Lord's table this year.

At Pantin all is going on well. The temperance cause has been taken up heartily by certain of our young people, with good results.

Puteaux also has its monthly temperance meeting presided over by Pastor Meyer. The other meetings, children's, mothers' and evangelistic reunions, are stationary, owing partly to our want of workers.

At Sainte-Gemme "the soil is hard, but it has all the more need to be cultivated and sown with the precious seed. The people love their meeting, and some are very much attached to it." One of the children from the school has attended the catechism class of the Pastor of Nanterre preparatory to confirmation.

At Saint-Germain, "Our meeting," writes M. Rayroux, "gathers together a certain number of Catholic and Protestant workpeople who, unable to get out on a Sunday, would be forced to do without any service if they did not have this meeting every week. * * * The Thursday school held here is always well attended. Formerly we had few boys, but now they are almost as numerous as the girls. School lasts from one to four every Thursday, and there is a regular attendance of sixty, of whom forty to forty-five are Catholics. In three localities the Mission holds weekly meetings in halls belonging to other societies, gratuitously put at our disposal."

At Boulogne-sur-Seine, in a hall belonging to Madame Dalencourt, Pastor Cerisier holds regularly a small meeting, through which several people have been brought to Christ. One of these friends was taken from our midst this year—a middle-aged man, singularly reserved but a sincere Christian. Before his death, which was rather sudden, he was able to make a categorical statement of his faith in Christ. His absence is much felt in the little band of Christians.

At the Pré-Saint-Gervais a work consisting chiefly in Sunday and Thursday schools and visits to the homes of the people is kept up and maintained by an English lady. The McAll Mission undertakes only to send a speaker to the Wednesday evening service, when the audience numbers some thirty persons. The ladies have been encouraged by the results they have seen while visiting.

At Sèvres the weekly meeting held by the Pastor of Bellevue or his helper is becoming more and more identified with their church work. A certain number of Catholics are gained over, and later find their way to the Protestant Church. In this respect its usefulness is undeniable. C. E. GREIG.

MADemoISELLE ROSA ARBOUSSET.

[From the *Paris Quarterly*.]

We have to record the death of another of the old workers of the Mission, who has been called home to enter into the joy of her Lord.

Mlle Arbousset was one of the first to join Dr. McAll in the work, and for twenty years she was a faithful and efficient helper in Paris. In the mothers' meetings, in the schools, and in visiting she was much blessed, while a special and very important part of her service was to see that all the meetings were provided with players for the harmoniums—no light matter, as the work nightly grew, and as many as twelve or fourteen places had to be filled quickly.

Mlle Arbousset was the eldest daughter of Pastor Thomas Arbousset, French missionary to the Bassouto. Born in Africa in the year 1840, she passed the first twenty years of her life in the mission field, being educated in Cape Town, where she was received when quite young as member of the Union Chapel, under the pastorate of the Rev. Mr. Thompson. She soon began to prove herself possessed of the true missionary spirit, and was the helper of her parents in their station of Morija, taking her share of work in the schools, etc.

In 1860 M. Arbousset resolved to return to France for a short and well-merited rest, he having been in Africa for twenty-eight years without a break. With his wife and six daughters he sailed from the Cape on what was to be a dangerous and most sad voyage. The following extract is from a Cornish paper of the 22d September, 1860:

“The barque *Punjaub*, of Sunderland, 304 tons register, Thomas Dale, master, was totally lost on the Seven Stones Rocks, at three a. m. on Friday last. The vessel, which was on her first voyage, was returning from Algoa Bay with a cargo of wool and hides, bound to Amsterdam, having on board, besides her crew of thirteen persons, a French Protestant missionary named Arbousset, his wife, and six children, from six to twenty-two years of age.

“The night was very dark and blowing hard from the southwest, when the barque struck on the windward side of the rocks, and it was evident that she would quickly go down. Capt. Dale made every exertion to get out the boats, and, after much difficulty, succeeded in launching the jolly-boat and long-boat, into which all the crew and passengers were hurried, with the exception of Mme Arbousset, who clung convulsively to the rigging and would not be removed, notwithstanding every effort of the master, who, in the attempt to rescue her forcibly, tore part of her clothes away in his hand.

“The jolly-boat, containing four of the crew and the missionary and two children, broke adrift long before the long-boat could be cleared from the deck, and both were afterwards in the greatest danger of being swamped, before the latter was fortunately fallen in with at daylight by the brig *Joshua and Mary*, from Montevideo, bound to Antwerp, and after being taken on board, the vessel proceeded further in search of, and soon found and rescued, the people in the jolly-boat, all of whom were landed in Falmouth the same evening.” Here the poor shipwrecked family were received by the Christians of that town, with all the love and sympathy that kind hearts could bestow. M. Arbousset had lost all possessions, manuscripts, clothing, etc. After a fortnight’s rest, the motherless children were taken by the bereaved father to Paris, where his old friends, M. and Mme Casalis, met them. The body of Mme Arbousset was washed up some weeks later, and was buried in the churchyard of S. Colomb Minor on the 11th October.

M. Arbousset spent the winter at Nice, and, two of his daughters having been married, Mlle Rosa Arbousset took charge of the household, being her father’s right hand in all his work for the Master. Not long after, the Missionary Society requested M. Arbousset to go to Tahiti to superintend their important work in that island. He accordingly left France again with his four daughters, and several years were passed there, and on returning a pastorate in the Poitou was accepted, where the last eleven years of his life were spent. Then Mlle Arbousset came to reside in Paris, and soon joined Dr. McAll in his work among the working people of the capital, bringing to it her missionary zeal and experience, and also taking part in prison visitation and other Christian work. Thus her life was spent, until three years ago a serious and tedious illness overtook her. Beginning with an attack of typhoid fever, more serious trouble was developed, and although at one time there seemed good hope that recovery was to be looked for, the hope was never realized. On the 13th of April she peacefully fell asleep at Cannes, in the Asile Evangélique, the Lord she had so loved and so well served having reserved this better thing for her, that she should be with Him and serve Him in that good land where the inhabitant shall no more complain of weariness and pain.

THE MISSION AT KREMLIN-BICÈTRE, PARIS.

By PASTOR H. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ.

Last March I was giving a magic lantern lecture on the well-known story of "Buy Your Own Cherries," at the Rue Nationale, and at the close a man came up to me and asked if I could not begin temperance work in the district of Bicêtre, just outside the fortifications. He had heard of the temperance movement through *L'Ami de la Maison*, and had become a member of the Society, and was desirous to do something for his neighbors. This seemed to be truly a providential coincidence, as I had been long desiring to try something there, and had only that week been getting some information about the place. So I determined to do what I could, and soon obtained the consent of our Committee to hold a "Mission" of three weeks.

Formerly that part was a beautiful country resort, the village of Gentilly being a favorite residence of Henri IV, who used to call himself "King of France and of Gentilly." But now the great Paris octopus has stretched its tentacles over all, and has turned the pretty village into a poverty-stricken district. It is here that is situated the well-known institution for aged men, some 1500 being housed there, of whom it is said that more than three-quarters are alcoholics. As they are all voters, when election day comes round, the Municipal Council is chosen by those who have received the most drink, and a fearful scene is witnessed on such occasions. The Town Council can boast that of its twenty-three members, not less than fourteen are keepers of public-houses. The Socialists and the Radicals hold the field between them—the latter being the big saloon keepers and the former the smaller publicans. So it may well be understood that there is a fine field of labor among the 11,000 of this degraded and miserable part.

The friend who had invited us to begin work in his neighborhood is called Bertrand, a native of Burgundy, and a gardener by occupation. A Catholic by birth, he married a Swiss Protestant, and is now a truly Christian man. He had set his heart on getting a kind of cart-house in the Rue Danton (so called after the famous or infamous "*coupeur de têtes*" of the Reign of Terror of 1793). So we arranged it as best we could, with texts and pictures, and on the 6th of April we held our first meeting, which was a lecture, with the lantern, on the conversion of the Ethiopian chamberlain, entitled "A Pilgrimage to Jerusalem 1800 Years Ago."

We first showed a portrait of Menelick, the modern Ethiopian, then came views of Egypt, Palestine, and Jerusalem, and the story was followed step by step, showing the result of the simple study of the Word of God, with the blessing of the Holy Spirit upon it. When we came to the explanation of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, we showed the pictures representing the death of

our Lord, and, from time to time, we placed on the sheet verses of the Bible that all might read, and closed with throwing on the sheet the favorite hymn, "Sur Toi je me Repose" ("Safe in the Arms of Jesus"). Out of the 150 so-called Christians who were listening to us, probably not more than one or two had ever held in their hands a copy of these Scriptures which had been studied by that heathen courtier 1800 years ago. We were glad to be able to give around copies of the gospels, given to us by the Crystal Palace Bible Stand.

We had other similar lectures—one on the Passion and one on the Lost Sheep—which were greatly appreciated. Then, besides the Gospel Meetings three times a week, we had lectures on well-known Christian men—as Peter Waldo, Admiral Jauriguiberry, etc.—given by our friends, S. Gout, Migot, Fourneau, and others.

TEMPERANCE WORK.

But the greatest impression was made by the temperance addresses. The subject seemed to appeal to the people, because they knew only too well the ravages strong drink was making around them. We gave as much variety as possible to these meetings, and allowed the people to applaud if they liked. We had solo singing also, and the result was the formation of a Temperance Society of forty adult members and twenty under sixteen.

We had a lecture by a distinguished young barrister, M. Bonzon, on "Murder, Suicide, and Drink." Then M. Auguste Hollard spoke another evening, as a practical chemist, on the effects of alcohol on the human body, and Pastor Escande took up the question from a social point of view, showing that to-day in France one of the greatest enemies that we have to fight is alcohol.

The difficulty in forming these Temperance Societies is to find the right people to act as officers. At the Rue Nationale I have not one man sufficiently educated to act as secretary of our little Society, but at Bicêtre I have been much more fortunate. From the beginning we have had the support of M. Bau, accountant at the Institution at Bicêtre. He is an old non-commissioned officer, a man of good sense, and an earnest Christian. He acts as president and treasurer, and a M. Lucas, who would style himself a free-thinker, is the secretary. He is a good musician and plays the violin, and gives music lessons to the young people, to interest them and keep them out of mischief. These, and M. Bertrand, the gardener, a young lad to represent the Juvenile Branch, and myself form the little committee.

DISTURBANCES.

In such a district it could not be expected that an evangelistic and temperance work would go on without any hindrance. During the first weeks

the meetings were frequently disturbed by a band of young fellows, and the doorkeeper got roughly handled on one occasion, and his wife also, as he rather foolishly attempted to eject one of the band whom he had repeatedly warned. However, we have the police on our side, and since that time we have had little or no trouble.

As I have said before, these suburbs of Paris are divided into many rival factions. On the one side are the Catholics, numerically few and without much influence; then the Radicals, strongly anti-Catholic, and comprising the well-to-do people. On the other side are the Socialists, the larger portion of the community, but again divided amongst themselves, though uniting in a common hatred of capitalists and "bourgeoisie" and of all religions.

On the other hand, the Church of Rome always prefers an atheist to an evangelical Christian, and will fight the Christian who dares to assert that we can be followers of our Lord without bowing the knee to the Pope. Thus we are under a cross-fire, and have to suffer the attacks of all these fractions of the people.

One evening, when a singing lesson was in progress, the Deputy Mayor entered the hall, and declared that the meeting was not authorized, and must be closed. He was at first hissed by the people, but M. Bau insisted on silence, and proceeded to obey the official order. I had, in fact, omitted to renew the formal application after the first two months had passed. The next day I went with the papers duly signed to deposit them with the Mayor according to the law. M. Bau and I were received by "the Lady Mayoress," who was washing clothes! and soon "His Worship" came in, in his shirt sleeves, being a carpenter by profession! His party style themselves "Revolutionary Socialists." He declared that he could not give his consent to our meetings being held in his commune, as he was determined to close the Catholic chapel, which his predecessor had been weak enough to allow to be reopened. I replied that I did not ask for his permission, as he had no right to prevent our meetings from being held, but simply came to declare our meetings, according to the law. The Mayor answered that he was free to do as he pleased in his commune, that our meetings were not lectures but religious services, and that he would not permit them to be held. I maintained that we were perfectly within our right, and that I should bring him a declaration every day for the meeting of the day following, in the usual way. He looked rather embarrassed, but continued to assert that he could not allow them, and that we must wait till the Town Council had met to deliberate upon the matter.

M. Bau suggested our asking the police authorities what was best to do, and what was our amusement, on arriving at the police station, to find "His Worship" there also with his deputy, evidently there to ask advice also. This

result was that the Mayor had to give in, but he insisted that we should remove the "religious emblems" from the hall. This we consented to do, as it simply meant removing some texts on calico that we had hung up to decorate the bare walls a little. Since then we have had no further trouble.

To celebrate the three months of meetings, the young people offered a little fête to the *habitués*, and they decorated the hall with flags and flowers, and a happy evening was spent. Those assembled sent a petition to the Committee begging that the hall be not closed. So the temporary hall is still opened, and will be, at any rate, till the end of the summer.

Thus we have been greatly encouraged in this attempt, and believe that much good has been accomplished.

SOME EVANGELISTIC AGENCIES IN PARIS.

A person of thorough culture is one who knows all about one thing and something about everything. We can hardly know all about the McAll Mission until we know something about the other agencies that are working for the spread of the Gospel in France. This year's Annual Report gives the following list, which we copy for the convenience of our readers who may be going abroad :

LA SOCIÉTÉ CENTRALE.—Pastor PFENDER, 46 Rue Labruyère, Paris.

LA COMMISSION D'ÉVANGÉLISATION DES EGLISES LIBRES.—Pastor CORDEY, 35 Rue Brochant, Paris.

LA SOCIÉTÉ ÉVANGÉLIQUE.—Pastor E. BERTRAND, 32 Rue de Vaugirard, Paris.

LA MISSION INTÉRIEURE.—Pastor HOUTER, 7 Rue Dragon, Marseilles.

LA SOCIÉTÉ ÉVANGÉLIQUE DE GENÈVE.—Pastor DARDIER, l'Oratoire, Geneva.

BAPTIST CHURCH MISSION.—Pastor R. SAILLENS, 133 Rue St. Denis, Paris.

WESLEYAN CHURCH MISSION.—Rev. G. WHELPTON, 4 Rue Roquépine, Paris.

SALVATION ARMY.—3 Rue Auber, Paris.

PARIS CITY MISSION.—Rev. S. H. ANDERSON, 37 Avenue de la Grand Armée, Paris.

"LA CROIX BLEUE" Monsieur LUDWIG, 75 Rue Laugier, Paris.

Y. M. C. A.—ANGLO-AMERICAN BRANCH.—160 Rue Montmartre, Paris.

Y. M. C. A.—FRENCH BRANCH.—14 Rue de Tiéville, Paris.

MISSION TO THE JEWS.—Mr. R. C. MANLOCK, 119 Rue de Rome, Paris.

MISS DE BROEN'S BELLEVILLE MISSION.—3 Rue Clavel, Belleville, Paris.

ŒUVRE DES AFFLIÉS.—Pastor HIRSCH, 51 Rue du Ranelagh, Paris.

ŒUVRE DE MADAME DALENCOURT.—33 Mouton Duvernet, Paris.

SOCIÉTÉ FRANÇAISE POUR L'OBSERVATION DU DIMANCHE.—Pastor PRUNIER, 16 Rue Demours, Paris.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.—Monsieur G. MONOD, 58 Rue de Clichy, Paris.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, ETC.—Monsieur VASSEUK, Depot Centrale, 4 Place du Théâtre Française, Paris.

MISS BEACH'S LETTERS FROM PARIS.

No. 4.

"August 8. My life is a very busy one. * * * In my haste, I never forget the reading and the prayer which give me new strength for each day's duties.

"August 10. Yesterday I went to the Hotel des Invalides. We had only time to visit the tomb of Napoleon I, as the gates are closed earlier than we had supposed. The body of the emperor rests beneath the large dome which is one of the landmarks of the city. The interior of the dome is adorned with beautiful frescoes, which, however, I could not particularly enjoy. I always feel, when trying to examine paintings in such a position, that my neck should have been insured.

"The sarcophagus of red marble is placed in a circular chamber beneath the floor of the building ; it is massive, and rests on a base of suitable size ; around the sides of the chamber are statues, and many flags taken in his wars. The pavement is beautiful, a mosaic of marble forming a laurel wreath around the tomb, and outside of this, rays of brilliant colors seem to suggest the star of his military glory in its brightest period. No one is permitted to enter this room, but one can see everything distinctly from above. Behind this circular enclosure containing the sarcophagus, and raised above the floor, is a beautiful altar. Four large marble pillars support a rich bronze canopy, on which the light falls in such a way that it seems to be pure gold. Under this canopy is the representation of Christ upon the cross.

"Descend a few steps, and you stand before the door of the tomb, over which are these words : 'I desire that my body may rest on the banks of the Seine among the French people whom I have loved so well.' On either side of the door is a large statue, and near by are the monuments of two of his principal marshals.

"In a little chapel near the entrance is the sarcophagus containing the body of Joseph Bonaparte, and just opposite, in another chapel, is the monument of Jerome Bonaparte."

As usual, one visit to a place of so much interest does not suffice, but she declares her intention to return when her command of the language will enable her to talk with the old soldiers. In a few months she gives an afternoon to the Hotel des Invalides, and writes : "The buildings were erected in the reign of Louis XIV, as a refuge for disabled soldiers. They are large, but not particularly attractive. One sees the old soldiers wandering about the courts and gardens, apparently having nothing to do. The chapel is quite attractive ; one sees through the large window opposite the entrance the beautiful altar near the tomb, and all around the walls hang the flags taken from enemies—a

number are trophies of the Crimean War. The refectory of the superior officers is near the chapel. An old soldier invited us to enter, and described quite fully the very poor frescoes which adorn the walls—all battle scenes. One even gave us a bill of fare, and grew quite eloquent in describing the silver service given to the hotel by Marie Louise.

“We went to the door of the little kitchen, but were told we could not enter. I was not at all distressed by the prohibition, as a glance was quite sufficient for me.

“On the wall of the main building, surrounding the large court, is a series of large paintings illustrating the history of France. It is a droll combination—the battles of Clovis, the invasion of the Normans, baptism of these pirates, murder of princes, death of martyrs, crowning of kings—all succeed each other with bewildering rapidity. There is one very quaint picture representing the homage rendered by the Norman Rollo to Charles the Simple; the old pirate, while pretending to kiss the foot of the king, dexterously pushes him over. In the painting the poor monarch is trying to cling to his throne.”

Letters written August 12 and 13 describe visits to the Parc Monceau, and to the Memorial Chapel in the garden where she went pleasant days to study while Rosalie made mud pies.

American friends, her fellow-passengers on the *Anchoria*, visit her and accompany her to many places of interest, but we cannot give her impressions of all, for the RECORD would not find space for them. One bit of experience may be given: “After we had seen Paris as a whole (from the summit of the Arc de Triomphe) we descended and found our driver asleep, *as usual*. I never saw such a sleepy set of men as the coachmen here; if they stop three minutes you will see them nodding.”

An odd custom she mentions: “As we came back (from St. Cloud) the customs officials stopped the carriage at the entrance of the Park, which is the limit of the city, since it is deemed necessary to see that no contraband articles, such as cigars and liquor, are brought in by travelers. It is a ridiculous farce, for one certainly could not bring much if he bought out St. Cloud. The officers looked at us without saying a word, we shook our heads, then all began to laugh, and we excursionists went on our way. In the evening we went out to see Paris by gaslight and rode through the Champs Elysées. I have already described it to you, but it looked more than ever like fairy land.

“August 26. I am learning every day much that is quite new to me about the real spirit of the French people. You know the common opinion is that they are so fickle they can never maintain a Republic, but I think they show great moderation under the present trying circumstances. * * * In the provinces many of the cafés are closed, that the people may not meet to

discuss the political situation, and no one in Paris, Madame C. told me, can have more than twenty friends at one time in his house without permission.

"As we were talking at the table last night, Mr. H., the young English boarder, said, 'I should not think you would stand it.' 'Oh,' replied Madame C., 'we must be patient and show that we are worthy of a Republic. These are wrongs which it is hard to bear, but we must show other nations that we wait for legal redress, and are not always in a revolutionary condition.' I watch the progress of events with great interest.

"A week ago I made my first visit to the Louvre. Oh! what a wonderful collection of pictures, statues, vases and works of art of every description! I simply walked through the principal rooms to gain an idea of their order, stopping occasionally for a few minutes before the original of some famous picture. I merely glanced at the feast, which I shall enjoy at my leisure when the weather is cooler.

"Saturday afternoon I took a very pleasant excursion with other members of the family to a beautiful park near Belleville, which travelers seldom visit because it is so far from the centre of the city. Just before reaching the park we left the omnibus and walked through the German quarter. Such wretchedness and such odors I have not before encountered in Paris. No one begged, as begging is prohibited; on only one day in the year is it allowed—the 1st of January—and then, they tell me, the city is crowded with poor people from all the surrounding country, who rush here to improve the opportunity. No one then refuses to give."

To a long description of the park and its local history, she adds: "While we were in the summer-house a bridal party came up from the building where the ceremony had taken place. This house is not exactly like our city halls, for here there is one in every quarter of the city. Here city business is transacted, and such civil acts as marriage. This public building is very near the park, and the visit to the park constituted the bridal tour. The bride, belonging evidently to the working class, was very simply dressed in white, with plenty of orange-blossoms, and looked as happy as an American bride. We spent most of the afternoon in this *Parc des Buttes Chaumont*, and reached home just in time for dinner. Sunday occurred the annual fête at Versailles in honor of St. Louis. There was a grand illumination in the evening; crowds flocked to the sight. It is needless to say that I did not go."

Miss Chickering, of Pittsfield, Mass., who long ago gave herself as a volunteer worker in the Mission, came home for a visit last summer. While here she spoke in the meetings of several of our auxiliaries.

BY THE SILVER SEA.

MARSEILLES.

In Marseilles I spent seven weeks of the summer whilst the director of that Mission replaced me in Paris. I went with great expectations, as I have many dear friends amongst the attendants and active workers in that Mission, but I came away rather disappointed. Missions have their seasons or tides, like the sea. Three years ago when I was in Marseilles the tide was high, and we had large meetings; there was enthusiasm, audiences were appreciative, and fruit was gathered that remains. This time I found the tide low, meetings small; something was out of gear. The "Mistral" blew his strong blasts. The very trees seemed tormented by demons, and the weather was against the meetings. Then trade was bad. I felt sorry for strong, sober men, whose reduced wages left them a bare subsistence. No wonder at their discontent; but, oh! I admired their heroic wives, weaker vessels they are called, but in faith, in hope, they were stronger than the men, and cheered them, pulled them up and assured them "the Lord would provide." Patient, noble women are these converts of the Mission, and it shows what a grand work has been wrought by dear Monsieur Lenoir and his helpers in Marseilles.

Many affecting and interesting incidents occurred during my stay, and from letters received since my return I have the comfort that I was of some use in comforting and helping several. I will refer to a sad dissension and joyful reconciliation.

Tounaud, a born orator, a pillar of the temperance work, was unhinged. His wife begged me to speak to him, "For," said she, "he is not the same man—he is impatient, so nervous," and though he had kept his pledge, he had forsaken the meetings; in fact, he was suffering from over-touchiness, a rather general complaint, I fear: what was more grave, he had quarrelled with his best friend, Mr. C., who was also an active member of the Blue Cross, and refused to be reconciled. We all felt how grave was the situation, and his fall would have filled the enemy with joy. Dear man, he saw me safe home after my meetings; we prayed and talked often together, but I came away glad to hand him safe over to M. Lenoir, for he remained obdurate. Here is good news, so good that three persons sent me the glad tidings. I will quote from his wife's letter, dated August 8th:

"VERY DEAR M. BROWN:

"I waited to send you good news that has made me happy, and you will rejoice, too. Yes, dear M. Brown, our prayers are answered. Sunday my husband returned to the temperance society, and he has made peace with friend Combes. He did it publicly at the Sunday meeting. It was a melting scene,

to witness these two men give each other the kiss of peace. It happened on this wise :

“ My husband was reading the twentieth verse of the fourth chapter of St. John’s Epistle : ‘ If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar.’ He was pricked to the heart, his conscience was touched.

“ How I bless my Saviour who knows how to keep his own children and leads them to His Holy Book, where they find words that can heal the broken in heart and raise the fallen. I understand more and more that God’s word is true and God is love.”

The friend with whom this breach had been made gave us on one Sunday this testimony. It was to illustrate my address on the forgiveness of sins ; he said thus :

“ I can corroborate what Mr. Brown has said. I am a drunkard’s son, my father died through drink and my mother was too poor to see to her children. I became an idle vagrant, sleeping out of doors ; I would not work, but preferred to vagabondize ; three times I was sent to prison, and I lost all my civil rights.

“ The Temperance Society saved me, and when I joined the army I resolved, by God’s grace, to redeem the past. I left the army a full sergeant, but what weighed on my heart was the black marks ; I was not a French citizen ; I could not vote, etc. The past followed me. My colonel, God bless him ! interceded for me, and I received a letter from the ‘ Prefect de police ’ restoring me to all my civil rights. I am now a citizen, every black mark is washed out.”

I cannot put in writing the emotions I and others felt. A bright future is opened out for him. My latest news is, that he is about to be married to a Christian woman.

S. R. B.

In an article on page 29 mention is made in a note of the fact that Pastor Escande, of our Grenelle Church, has gone to Madagascar to take up the work of his cousin, foully murdered by the natives when he had been but a few weeks in the island of Madagascar. The younger M. Escande was himself, in a sense, a gift of the McAll Mission to the Foreign field ; that is to say, he long had charge of one of our Sunday-schools. Pastor Escande’s going is an act of almost unparalleled heroism. Mme Escande has been very ill, and was still far too weak to accompany her husband to Madagascar. He has, therefore, given himself to the work for a single year, to fill up the breach in the ranks made by his brother’s untimely fall. At the close of the year Mme Escande will join him if her health permits, or if not, he will return to France. M. Escande’s place in our Grenelle hall is taken by Pastor A. Jaccard, who was formerly a colleague of M. Lenoir in our Marseilles work.

BIBLES, TRACTS, BOOKS, ETC.

[From the Annual Report.]

We give a few extracts from various letters and reports, which will give an idea of the use made of the tracts and Scripture portions by our workers month by month. It is "the entrance of Thy Word that giveth light," says the Psalmist, and we have no other way of bringing the light of God to the soul than by reading and explaining His own Word that we have received from Him. Hence the tract is needed to explain the Gospel, and the same means often leads to the reading of the Bible.

"One of the branches of our work that is the most blessed," says a member of the Christian Endeavor Society at Montreuil-sous-bois, "is certainly the distribution of tracts, either broadcast or one by one. They find their way to the factories and workshops, and often lead to interesting conversations. Many, we know, have been drawn to the meetings through them. A soldier after reading several tracts came to the hall, and when obliged to return to his regiment begged one of our members to send him tracts and books regularly, which he lends in the barracks, and thus spreads the good tidings to others.

"A Catholic lady found tracts dropped into her letter-box, and on reading them felt a great desire to make the acquaintance of Christians teaching such doctrines, so came to the hall, and now attends the church near by.

"A workingman calls regularly every Saturday at the house of one of our members to ask for his tracts for Sunday reading. Many of the sick whom we visit receive the tracts with eagerness, and as one poor woman remarked: 'What a blessing to get hold of something that speaks of God; the devil gets himself talked about enough!'"

At Marseilles a great deal is done by tract distribution, both in the lowest parts of the city and in the villages and hamlets around. Many are thus drawn in to listen to the Gospel in the meetings.

One poor woman in one of the vilest parts of the town was rescued from a life of sin by reading the tracts that two aged ladies gave her and begged her not to neglect.

A young girl at Poitiers traces her conversion to reading a tract, and now she does all she can to induce others to read them. She works for a master who is avowedly an atheist. She and her mother have had long talks with him, but though in heart greatly troubled, he will not yield in any way nor attend the meetings. So the girl always manages to "forget" some tracts in his rooms, and she sees with satisfaction that they are read by him.

We lately were asked to send one thousand tracts to a Christian man who had requested the evangelist near to where he lived to supply him with that number for distribution, paying for them himself. To our surprise we found

that this good man is a traveling merchant who goes from fair to fair and from village to village with his wares, and who has at heart the spiritual needs of those among whom he travels. This is the first time that we have come across such a case in France.

In another provincial station, the evangelist sent a number of tracts to the families of the soldiers who were doing their thirteen days' service, and from the wife of one of the men he received the cheering tidings that, after reading the tracts, she had found what she had long been seeking—the assurance of salvation by faith in Christ.

At Saintes, a good woman who was converted in our meetings seeks to teach others by putting tracts in the parcels of clean linen she sends weekly to the houses of her clients. She washes for a good many soldiers stationed in the town, and has thus an opportunity of supplying them regularly with tracts, which our evangelist is glad to be able to give her for so excellent a purpose.

These are only samples of the way in which many are able to do something for the Saviour by spreading the Gospel message.

We have again been privileged to sow the good seed broadcast by means of the Boat, which has been on the Seine during the whole of this year, and we have seen many cases of blessing. Here, again, it is the written as well as the spoken word that is honored of God. And the sale of our hymn-book is not the least interesting and important part of the work. Many hundreds of copies are thus scattered each season, and the hymns gain entrance into many a home, and we may believe into many a heart. A little girl brought in through the meetings was taken home lately, and on her deathbed asked for her favorite hymn, "J'ai un Bon Père qui m'attend aux cieux," the version in French of the old hymn, "I have a Father in the Promised Land." Another little one was taken home at St. Etienne, and it was the hymn, "On frappe, on frappe," for which she asked ("Knocking, knocking, who is there?").

We are now printing the 218th thousand of our hymn-book.

We have kept up our circulation of Bibles and Testaments, and many gospel portions have been distributed, chiefly on the Boat and at the Dispensaries.

At one of the villages on the Seine where the Boat had had an interesting three weeks' campaign this spring, a ball was held on the Sunday evening immediately after we left. At a pause in the dancing one of the young girls present was asked to sing something, and responded by giving as the latest novelty from Paris, "Frère, quand ton âme est lassée!" ("O, think of the Home over there") one of the hymns she had heard on the *Bon Messager*. Thus the Gospel was heard in the ball-room that Sunday evening.

FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE.

Perhaps you would like to call with me on a few of the women who come to our mothers' meetings. But some one has rightly said that to obtain good results among the poor we should not visit them in the sense of intruding upon their homes. They need the moral uplift that comes from showing us their best side and the clean white cap or apron. So, let us make ourselves invisible and make *en imagination* some of the calls which I once made *par invitation*. First, if you look at the map, you will see that our visits will cover a large area of old Paris. You will not be surprised to find some of the poorest living in some corner of an old palace. Perhaps there are the remains of a fountain, statues, or stone vases in the now decrepit walls. The sun shines brightly, and as we pass the beautiful squares full of all sorts and conditions of people, one feels that the poor in Paris are happier than those who have less facilities for seeing the blue sky, but when we turn up the dark, narrow stairway in the *cité*, and remember that in Paris air and sunshine are alike taxed, it seems that these freest of all blessings were denied those often in sorest need of both.

We are first going to see Madame and Monsieur Charles. He has been a soldier, and has an incurable disease from sleeping much on the cold ground, so that he cannot now go out of doors—"but, though I went as long as I could drag myself to the church, the priest has never come near me once," he tells me.

You see this aged couple, one on each side of the table. He is stamping those round bits of color into flower forms with the hot irons which have burned his hands so frightfully, she gluing the stems. Though the little flowers must be gone over three times, the pay for making them is small. Beginning the day at six in the morning and working until ten at night, these two old people will earn together just thirty cents; "but," madame says, "we can't often do that, not that we would mind if we could always have the work; it is only off and on that we can get anything to do." While we talk, madame tells us that the doctor has prescribed that large window. "You see he must have the air; but yes, it costs us dear—two hundred francs a year we pay for our room. It is hard, but you see he must have it." Some one has brought a supply of onions that lie behind the door. "Do they want anything?" a neighbor peeps in. The English friend with us reads to them of the Bread of Life, and we hope they have understood; there are sympathetic nods each time; the reader looks up, but before we go monsieur tells us, "there is no air at a certain height above the earth, and a balloon can only go a certain distance," adding, "one cannot live without air."

What he meant was not understood at the time, but I fear it was an argument against the future life. Time has passed and Monsieur Charles has died. Every Wednesday you may see madame, a sweet-faced old woman in a black

bonnet, sitting in the same chair at our mothers' meeting. As I pass she always seizes my hand, and the tears roll down the withered cheeks while she says, "Come to see me."

Coming away, we pass the *Temple* or *Old Clothes Market*. It is built on the site of the foundation of the Knights Templar. The stalls are full of second-hand merchandise and the woman venders are importunate in crying their wares. We will not stop in the *Rue du Temple* to-day, though I want to take you at another time to our little English Tommy's home.

I have several calls in the *Rue de l'Hotel de Ville*. This is where Madame J——. *veuve* (widow), lives. She is all alone, having lost all her children. She has recently joined the Lutheran church, which we passed in the *Rue des Billettes*. This old church once belonged to a body of Carmelite friars, but the convent was suppressed, and years later, in 1808, the city bought the property, giving the church to the Lutherans.

The *concièrge's* little girl runs up the stairs at the back of the court, calling out that visitors have come. We see her disappear in the blackness. Madame J. comes out to meet us.

"I am now *chez moi*," she said. "Oh, excuse me for weeping; I am so overcome, because I am again *chez moi*." "But where have you been before, Madame J.?" Her face burned.

"In a hotel (cheap lodging). Oh, I was very poor, and I can never forget that when I had not eaten for a long time, during the cold winter, you gave me a second piece of bread after we had had our tea and the meeting. I shall never forget it, Mademoiselle."

Her *chez-soi* is one small room, provided by friends of the Mission, and she sometimes comes to borrow a pail from the *salle* to wash her floor—"for I have nothing in which to bring up the water." Madame J. is the pink of neatness.

In the street I meet Madame P. She wants to take me to see a neighbor, who has rheumatism and cannot come to the *salle*. "But quickly, lest my husband see me with you; he would never forgive me if he knew I went to the meetings." Madame P. is among our most assiduous attendants, and a helper in the sewing-school.

Now we cross the bridge to the *Rue St. Louis en l'Ile*. This island is a dull, retired spot, though in the heart of the busiest part of Paris. Here, as we pass, we shall see several mediæval buildings. Ah, this is quite an aristocratic house—an apartment house, with tasseled door-cord. A fresh, rosy girl opens, and goes to call her aunt, while we are seated in a heavily draped room, where there are large Sèvres vases and carved wood furnishings. Madame shows us a large book. Her husband was an electrician. "Oh, he studied

so much and traveled a great deal. He had always been so fond of the meetings, and this, this must be his Bible. You see, I cannot read it."

But no, we tell her, this large book is a history of Spain. The illustrations are of recent events, but the frontispiece, an angel with a scroll, has misled her.

Day after day she and her niece sit patiently making bead wreaths for the graves of the husband and only daughter. It is a sad life for the devoted girl, but her face is all aglow with happiness when she meets the other girls in the Union de Jeunes Filles.

Further down, in a poorer street, live the G—— family. They are Germans. The father, a palfrenier, finds it impossible to support the little family without outside help. We have happened in *à propos*. An artist has been painting the interior, and we find the living picture and the painting, to which the young man is just putting the finishing touches—the mother holding the babe, and Louise and Anna, who not infrequently pose as models, sitting beside the stove. There is nothing attractive in the little home, except the lovely faces, for which we always look in our sewing and Sunday-schools. We must go another time into some of the streets beyond the Bastille. This is but a glimpse into the city-mission side of the McAll work. I would not take you to the homes where the tragedy is too dark for words, but we know many such.

Already, in hundreds of homes, Christmas is anticipated, where it would not be known except we told the "glad tidings."

After one beautiful fête a sweet-faced woman said: "Thank the dear American ladies for us; tell them we know what they are doing for us."

Although it is only the middle of October, little Léonie, always provident, has written a postscript to her letter:

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so.' You will not forget my Christmas, nor that of Jules, will you?"

We have gone into the highways and hedges, and these common people come in very gladly. We cannot always tell where the good seed falls or where it will bear fruit, but when, in the near future, we trust, leaders shall rise up in France, they will find many ready to be followers.

ANNIE B. BEARD.

We would once again call attention to the *dates* on which the RECORD appears. It is published four times a year, but not quarterly. For half the year it is a bi-monthly, appearing on the first of October, December, February and April. Between April and October there is no issue, though to a great degree its absence is made good by the issue in June or July of the Annual Report, containing the proceedings of the Annual Meeting.

SALLE RIVOLI.

The average attendance of our meetings for the year is a little over 100, but we have often had 300 on special occasions, such as a lecture with views, or when our meetings or conferences have been enlivened with music. One of the most popular of these meetings was given by the American Christian Endeavor Society, and we had an address by its president which I interpreted. It was capital. The music was high class ; the singing of well-trained voices took our folks by surprise, and at the close groups formed to talk over the evening meeting. I joined one. A man said : " How grand ! you are spoiling us ; only one thing was wanted to make it perfect." I don't think you will be flattered, ladies, to learn what that one thing was : " What a pity such well-trained voices are not French !" Let me now at least try to tell of a good meeting.

It was Sunday afternoon, the last day Mrs. McAll was to spend in Paris, so she choose to come to us. Our young women sang a hymn and Mrs. McAll said, " Delightful !" After my Sunday address we held a Bible-class. For since our teachers are gone on their holidays the adult school has become a single group, and we have treated special subjects. To-day the topic was " Repentance." After I had introduced the subject the meeting was opened to anyone to speak. M. Bronnert, the good Samaritan of our Salle, was the first and said : " When I came to Paris I was very shy, for I was brought up in wadding ; the meetings shook me up. I learned that I was a sinner and needed to be saved, and was turned right round." His testimony of his conversion through the Salles New York and Boulevard Sebastopol took me by surprise ; I always considered him as a gift from Protestant Alsace, and now learned he is a child of our Salle.

Then stood up a big man, saying, " I should like to ask a question. It is now a year since I repented, and God has given me forgiveness. It is very hard to hold good at the Central Market, but God keeps me. Now, I wanted to take the communion, and was told that I must first be baptized. Why must I be baptized again ? " I explained that Boulevard Sebastopol was a Baptist Church, and they believed in adult baptism. " Come to Mr. Monod," exclaimed some members of his church, " then you can commune without being baptized again." This comforted him, as he did not want to think his Catholic baptism null and void.

Then a man, rather intelligent, read and spoke, giving a personal experience of his repentance, how light came into his mind, and the struggle that followed. Then faith brought repose. He had come right round, for he was a bad Catholic ; now he was saved. I am sorry that I did not ask him for his paper, to send it you. Then a former nun, now an active Christian, prayed,

too long, but touchingly. This closed our Sunday afternoon service, that lasts two hours. But it was only to break up into groups and talk over the subject of the meeting. Joining one animated group, I found our friend who had read the paper the centre of the group. His daughter, a bigoted Catholic, was saying, "I will never change my religion as my father has done, oh! never!" and she brought down her little foot to give emphasis to her declaration. "We don't ask you, miss," I answered. "You cannot change. Repentance is a change of mind and heart; God alone giveth repentance." Then we broke up. Our friend the former nun has been invited to England by a wealthy Christian, that she may learn more perfectly the way of life.

Our Sunday-school attendance has been as high as ninety; in June it was 64, 74, 50, and it kept at that till we closed on the 15th of August. For the first time we had a Sunday-school excursion, a day in the country. We started by boat to Ferrès and St. Cloud, and as we gathered on the pier we became an attraction, for we were a motley group. Some had passed eighty years, two were lame, one nearly blind; all were clean and neat. We took our own provisions and picnicked on the grass. We had a jolly time, only one unforeseen event occurred. One of our converts and scholars made a confession of love and asked to marry our Bible woman, and I had to use all my tact to tell him she was a Sister of Charity, married to our Mission, therefore he must not think of it. He promised me he would not, but he did; and just before our holidays proposed and was rejected. I suppose these things must be in the best regulated missions. We took our second meal at four o'clock, and then it was proposed that we should sing. Our song gathered visitors around us. Then, sitting on the grass, I gave an informal talk to which the strangers listened. Mr. Lesser prayed, and, without thinking, it had been done so naturally, we had held an open-air meeting, forbidden by law, in the park of St. Cloud. We hope to renew this excursion, D. V., another year.

The young women's meeting is prosperous. There are twenty-five names on the books, and from fifteen to twenty maidens attend the meetings. Mlle Suzon has won their hearts, and the Young Women's Christian Association is a real help on Sunday afternoons at my meeting. "Slowly, but surely," Mlle Suzon writes, "the work of God has moved in Salle Rivoli, and we have good reason to believe that three young hearts have been touched and have given themselves to God. One is a former scholar of our schools, the daughter of an English mother and a German Jew, who came to Paris as a missionary to the Jews, but left the Gospel for business and has run up a fortune." The mother told me her daughter was changed, and Mlle Suzon had nursed her into the new life. So marked is the change that her brother said: "Sister, how do people get converted, for you are always so good I'd like to be converted also,"

The second is a delicate consumptive young woman, whom friends have sent to a bathing establishment for her health. Alone, the Word of God has taken root and sprung up. She writes: "Had I remained in Paris I should not have given myself to the Saviour; but here alone in my room I thought of all the good things you used to read and say—things for which I did not care a pin. But here my heart was touched, so I just threw myself into my Saviour's arms like a poor lost sheep, which I was."

The other instance is a Roman Catholic child, thirteen years of age, well brought up by her grandmother in a country village, then sent to her mother in Paris. She was led to our Salle by another girl, and the soil was good, the glad tidings were gladly accepted, and if her conversion was sudden her progress in knowledge was remarkable. Her mother, who understood not these things, sent her back to her grandmother. Now the young Christian writes: "Grandmother insists on my going to Mass, and I obey her, but when she wanted me to commune I thought Jesus said to me, 'No, you can refuse that.' Oh! Mademoiselle, pray for me lest I hide my flag in my pocket." Again she writes: "I have given up speaking on religion, it does no good; but I try to show by my conduct that Jesus has changed my life." S. R. BROWN.

THE MISSIONARY GENIUS OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE.

[From *The Huguenot*.]

If there were no other reason why the Christian people of the United States should lend aid to the Protestant Church of France, a strong reason could be found in the missionary activities of that Church. Without question the French people have a genius for missionary work such as no other people have. There is no more heroic story in all the literature of missions than the story of the Jesuits in North America, as written by Francis Parkman; and a story no less thrilling, bearing no less cogent witness to the missionary spirit of the French people, might be written of the Jesuits in Japan, in India, in Madagascar, in the isles of the sea.

But these were Jesuits, not Protestants. True! None the less does the fact that they were French Jesuits, not Spanish nor Italian nor Austrian, testify to the unequalled missionary zeal of the French people. No one who knows even the outstanding facts in the history of the Huguenots, but must understand that for long centuries it was simply not possible for the Huguenot Church to engage in missionary work. The hand of the law lay heavy upon them, and they had all that they could do, and more, to maintain their own existence in the face of conditions so severely restrictive. Nevertheless the spirit of missionary effort was all the time alive in the heart of the Huguenot churches, and the

achievements of French Catholic missions during all that period show what the French Huguenots would have done had it been in any wise possible for them to do anything.

This is abundantly shown by what they did do as soon as they had the opportunity. It is not yet twenty years since the last checks upon religious activity were removed from the Protestants of France, but they did not wait to be freed from all shackles before entering upon active work for the spread of the Gospel. The *Journal des Missions Évangéliques*, the monthly magazine of the Paris Society of Evangelical Missions, is now in its seventy-second year. The Society which it represents is three years older. The moment the slightest freedom of action was given to the Protestants of France their activities reached out into the mission sphere as naturally as a flower reaches out to the sunlight.

There are to-day no better managed missions on the round world than those of this society in Africa, on the Congo, in Lessueto, in Senegal and on the upper Zambesi. French Protestant missions in Tahiti and in the Loyalty and Society Islands have, for three-quarters of a century, been doing a work none the less efficient than the religious journals of other countries know very little about it. Nor have the fields first occupied by French Jesuits been left to them alone. Of late, since the French occupation of Madagascar, the Protestants of France have very deeply felt their duty in the matter of this important island. A remarkably large number of Protestant missionaries, men and women, have gone thither as preachers and teachers. They have shown the usual tact and grace in their dealings with the English missionaries on the field, and the transfer of the educational work of the London Missionary Society to the agents of the Paris "Mission House" was made without the slightest friction and with hardly a day's interruption of the school work. Last May the French Protestant world was shocked and grieved, and friends of missions in other lands hardly less so, by the murder of two of their missionaries, MM. Escande and Minault, by some of the natives who presumably took this way of showing their hatred of the new government. Whatever the cause, the tragic death of these two gifted young men has not in the least dampened Huguenot ardor for missions. The news had hardly reached France when a number of candidates sprang up to take the places of the martyr missionaries, and already the brother of one of the murdered men,* a Parisian pastor, is in the field where his brother so recently laid down his life.

The strong sense of missionary responsibility is especially felt in regard to the colonies of France. Not only the Society of Missions but the Société Centrale feels this responsibility. The latter society, which has just celebrated its fiftieth anniversary, and which was founded to "labor for the advancement of

* Our own Pastor Escande, so long the pastor of our Grenelle Station.—EDITOR.

true Christianity, and for the good of the legally constituted Protestant Church of France," is quick to carry on the same work wherever French Protestants are to be found. As early as 1851 the Société Centrale began a work of evangelization in the Antilles, twelve years earlier than the founding of the work in Tahiti by the Société des Missions. Not long ago it was found that there were 600 Protestant soldiers in the Foreign Legion in Eastern Africa, and missionary work was at once started in that region by the Société Centrale. Another society, that for the evangelizing of the colonies, has done a remarkable work in Algeria, and with all their poverty and the unusual demands upon the resources of the French Protestants this work is very well supported.

This, then, is a new and very cogent reason for bringing aid to the Protestants of France. They, of all peoples under heaven, are best fitted by national genius to advance that cause which all Christians have at heart, the evangelization of the world. They have a natural aptitude for mission work unsurpassed by any other people. It may seem a bold statement, but it is one that is capable of demonstration, that there can be no more speedy and effective way of sending the glad tidings of salvation into all the world, than to send them by way of France and the Protestants there. Not that we are to diminish our direct support of our own missions, but that we are to recognize that the money that we send to the aid of the French Protestant churches is like the good seed, that bore fruit not thirty nor sixty but a hundred fold.

The story of all that M. Mabboux and his family suffered in Corsica, during the years when they were the agents of the McAll Mission in that superstitious and almost pagan island, would make a very heroic chapter in the heroic history of modern missions. Now, at last, the reward of their labors is being reaped. That it is not they who are the reapers is a matter of small concern to men and women so devoted as they, who seek the reward of their work only in the knowledge that it has borne fruit for God. M. Mabboux and the ladies of his family having been for reasons of health transferred to Boulogne-sur-mer, have reaped a rich reward in the warm and deep response to their teaching, out of which has grown the beautiful little church at La Marquise, a fishing suburb of Boulogne, built entirely by the fisher people of La Marquise, who a few years ago were almost ignorant of the Gospel. And meanwhile, in Corsica the good seed is springing up in a most hopeful way. M. and Mme Rombeau, transferred thither a year or more ago, though meeting with a certain degree of hostility in some parts of the island, have in several places been able to build upon the foundation so well laid by M. Mabboux. They have regular meetings in several places with deeply interested groups of attendants; a mothers' meeting, a day school with fifty pupils, and, in short, the beginnings of a most effective work.

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